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of its satisfactory solution, we have furthermore to state, that this deprivation of speech was not of constant continuance. On the contrary, the loss and recovery of language succeeded each other at intervals. So that, as scientific men talk of "waves of sound" and poets of "the tide of song," we may borrow an illustration, and say there was a sort of "ebb and flow" going on with their tongues. This circumstance we ought to mention in confirmation of a well-known comfort, that one difficulty often enables us to solve another. Because, while it clearly increases the hopelessness of any philosophic explanation of such seemingly conflicting phenomena, it enables us to solve what must be allowed as the greatest difficulty of all, namely, why the women appeared to take the matter so easily. No doubt they were well aware that "a good time was coming," and looked forward to the "season of compensation," in the use of their tongues, pretty much in the same way as an impatient heir eagerly longs for the day of his "coming of age." Indeed, without some such clue as this, their endurance, with any degree of patience, would clearly be an inexplicable mystery.

Here, then, was a strange state of things,—we would have said "lamentable," but we see no reason why we should feel more for people than they seemed to feel for themselves. There is, it is true, a case upon record where a soft-hearted fellow wept very piteously upon hearing his own cause pleaded in a court of justice by an eloquent advocate, and, no doubt, added very much with the jury to such a "telling speech" by blubbering out, "I never knew, until now, how badly I was used." But, for our part, we have no idea of inducing people to cry over their misfortunes, by beginning to weep ourselves. There are people in the world of such exquisite sensibilities as almost to make us think they had borrowed other folks' eyes to cry with, since they would scarcely make such bad use of their own. So that, if the impulse of compassion would suggest one term, as descriptive of this state of things, the dictates of common sense must replace it by another. We must, therefore, call this an "odd," rather than a "lamentable," state of things, and comfort ourselves in the assurance that if our readers be disposed to think less of our sympathy, they will be constrained to think more of our judgment.

Let us then, however, get at the facts, before we try to account for them—a mode of procedure which is, we are sorry to say, more frequently recommended than followed. Since many people first construct theories, and then make the facts to suit them. But as, for our parts, we do not become hungry because we have a dinner to eat, but eat our dinner because we are hungry; so we shall put forth the facts connected with this strange village, and then ask of our readers to assist us in finding an explanation for them. Well, then, in the first place, the inhabitants were not, as we have said, "deaf"—not one among them. If their ears were not as long as donkey's, they were, at all events, as quick as cat's. So this circumstance, as is, indeed, common with other "unfortunate facts," ruins that fine theory to which we have alluded, as the usually received explanation of the connection between one's ears and tongue, contained in that phrase of duplicated misfortune, "deaf and dumb." In the next place, as the drums of their ears had nothing to do with the play of their tongues, so it is equally clear the tongues themselves had nothing to say to the matter. For, as we have said, they could speak very well at intervals. Hence there is nothing gained really by calling them "tongue-tied." Because there were too many "slip knots" on the ligature to make it worth much as an explanation.

We have mentioned, and certainly it is a curious phenomenon, that those people lost and recovered the use of language at intervals. "Words," Pope tells us, "are like leaves," and "women's tongues"

"Are of the light aspen made;"

so that, to follow out this happy illustration—as words are the foliage of the tongue, we may assimilate these village tongues to deciduous trees, which lose and regain their leaves in their seasons.

The strangest fact of all is, perhaps, to be found in the circumstances which determined these alternations in the loss and recovery of speech. All, however, which we are at present able to communicate on this subject is, that they were, in some mysterious way or other, connected with the absence or presence of other inhabitants of the same village, who, strange to say, had never been visited with this affliction at all, and who, to do them justice, were as much surprised as pained by the evil which they had, quite innocently, occasioned to those in whose welfare they took a warm and affectionate interest. In fact, it became very speedily apparent to them, from several dark looks and impatient gestures, that however innocent they really were, and felt themselves to be, they were yet unequivocally considered, if not the direct causes of such a trial to their neighbours, at least in some way connected with it. This they felt to be very unfounded. Because hitherto these very persons, now thus unfairly blamed and shunned, had been remarked for their kindly conduct to their fellows, and admitted to be among the best inhabitants of the village. So high, indeed, was their character, so irreproachable their conduct, and so ready their kindness, that many who really disliked them were often constrained to

allow that they could find nothing against them, and secretly respected their consistency of conduct, which they were unwilling to praise and indisposed to imitate.

It must, however, be stated to the credit of these poor people, that many among them judged more fairly, and endured their affliction with greater patience. Because, though several, who could not use hard words, did make up for it by very angry looks, yet others, and, perhaps, the greater number, still gave that welcome with their eyes which hitherto they had given with their tongues. And though they knew them to be in some way connected with their calamity, still, like good moralists, they judged of actions by motives, and imputed no blame where there was no wrong intention. Others, however, carried their anger so far as to refuse all continuance of former intercourse, and were at no pains to conceal the determined hostility which they felt.

It must, of course, be supposed that matters could not long go on in this way. A part of the inhabitants of the village soon perceived themselves to be, as we say, "put in Coventry," or, as it were, thoroughly "tabooed" by the residue. They were in a difficulty. And the worst part of it was, they saw no way of getting out of it; for, wherever they ventured inquiries, or sought explanations, few would listen, and none could answer. And in several instances, when, "strong in conscious innocence," they went so far as to force expostulations, they soon saw they were only making matters worse, and stirring up strife when they meant and hoped to allay it.

What, then, were they to do? They acted like wise men, and met together to consider their position, and deliberate upon their future conduct. Naturally enough, the notion of quitting the village altogether was uppermost in many minds. Indeed, one hasty fellow bounced up before others better qualified to give advice, and exclaimed, "Let us quit in a body. I am heartily sick of this place, and of these ungrateful people." Something, however, as is not uncommon with people who speak with precipitation, stopped him, and he sat down rather abruptly. For it had just occurred to him that he had a pretty bit of ground, and a very snug house, which he could not take with him. To sell was out of the question, for it was certain there would be no purchaser. Indeed, it was soon apparent to most, though having but little to lose, they must be sufferers if they left. And they did not altogether relish the idea that those who were forcing them to such a measure should be like the cunning Russians in the Crimea, who are likely, now that peace exists, to make "a pretty penny," by declining to buy our cavalry horses, and other (to us) costly articles, until, as the time of departure approaches, they are tolerably sure to get them for next to nothing, under the difficulties and expense of removal.

A speaker, much respected for his wisdom and years, addressed them thus, "I am an old man, and have seen a good deal of men and their ways. I have also learned to wait with patience for the issue of things which I cannot at first understand. I am quite satisfied, from the observation of a long life, that events which suddenly occur, and appear most capricious, are those which, beyond all, will, in due time, bring their own explanation. It is because I am just now so much perplexed that I have so much hope. If this matter were less accountable, I would say 'quit;' but, being so inexplicable, I say 'don't.' It is too sudden to last long, and too unjust to us not to have a reaction in our favour. Let us, therefore, see it out, and be more careful and kind in our conduct than ever."

A young man stood up, as the last speaker. He was tall and straight as a pine tree, with an eye bright as a deer's, and a step springy as a caoutchouc. His erect bearing indicated manly determination. "I have waited," he said, "for the aged men to speak; for I know that good counsel is more from gray hairs, and that years bring wisdom. I am more fitted to receive advice than to give it, and more ready to obey than to speak. I am, therefore, prepared to act as you may direct. Yet I may say this much—difficulties prove and improve men. I would rather face than fly them. And so, my fathers" (here the young man's countenance was observed by those who were near him to brighten for an instant, with a curiously significant smile, as if he knew a great deal more than he wished to tell, and did not consider the difficulty very serious after all), "I would rather remain where I am."

The council took the advice of the old and young man, something to the annoyance of a cross-grained old bachelor, who grumbled, as the first sat down, "I don't see why I should be patient because I am puzzled," and as the second ended, growled out, "I'll be bound some young woman is at the bottom of it all."

Perhaps he was right in this latter remark. For one or two, who greatly loved this young man, shook their heads rather significantly as they smiled upon him, and said some time afterwards, one to another, "We knew our young friend too well to doubt that one so modest would have appeared so decided unless he had good ground for his confidence."

They remembered that the gentlest and prettiest maiden of the village had sometimes been observed to

listen with earnest ear when this young man spoke. Close watchers, too, had seen her eye moisten and her lips quiver, as he dwelt with strong persuasiveness on the subject which he best loved. Yet, alas! it was upon this young creature that the blow had fallen most heavily. Her soft voice was no longer heard. She hurried past her former friends with a quick step and a sorrowing look, and her mute distress pierced their hearts. When tidings of her affliction first reached the ears of the young man, he hurried to know the truth of the report which so shocked him. Unhappily, it was confirmed. She could not speak to him.

A short time after, the lord of the manor, who took a deep interest in the welfare of the villagers, and was, therefore, sorely distressed at their unexpected misfortune, entered the cottage of this young girl's parents, and, after a while, turning to her, said, "Do not be cast down, Mary, I think it very likely (I know I hope it very much) you may recover the use of your speech. I remember when I was a boy at school we used to read about the dumb son of a rich king, who, seeing in battle a soldier of the enemy about to kill his father, broke out with a cry of very distinct utterance. Now, if a young man's affection for his parent enabled him to regain the use of his speech, I think it not impossible that a young woman's heart may have sometimes very considerable influence upon her tongue."

Mary, strangely enough, seemed much perplexed,

She reddened like a rose,
Synne pale as ony lily.

Her kind friend, in whose family she was a great favourite, had evidently, some way or other, become possessed of a secret; for he completed poor Mary's confusion by whispering to her, as he passed out, "I think I heard your voice the other evening in the shrubbery, and some one else's also." And, indeed, unless his ear cheated him a second time, he thought he also heard, as he left the cottage, the same sweet voice saying, "I could not help it, dear mother." And, likewise, a tender and loving answer, "No, my own darling, God grant this may soon be over, it is a hard trial for us all."

THE VICAR OF CHRIST.

A FRIEND asks us to state at what period the Pope was first called "Vicar of Christ?" Now, it is by no means easy to point out the very first beginning of such things with certainty; but, we are always anxious to answer fair inquiries as far as we can, and what we have to say on this point may serve to bring out information from our Roman Catholic correspondents, if any one of them can show an earlier origin for the title than we can.

The expression "Judeus vice Christi," "Judge in place of Christ, or, as vicar of Christ," occurs in St. Cyprian's 12th epistle; but it is there applied to the bishop of each Church, and not to the Pope only. This is the more remarkable, as that epistle was addressed by Cyprian to Cornelius, Bishop of Rome.

We have met with the following passage in the 2nd epistle of Pope Julius, said to have been written about the year 337. "Portamus onera omnium qui gravantur, quoniam hac portat in nobis Beatus Apostolus Petrus, cujus vice fungimur legatione, et cujus regula informamur" "We bear the burdens of all who are aggrieved; nay, rather, the Apostle Peter bears them in us, as vicar of whom we hold the place of legate, and by whose rule we are instructed."

But here it is to be observed, that in this passage, the Pope is only made the vicar of St. Peter, and not the vicar of Christ.

It is also to be observed, that this epistle of Pope Julius is one of the infamous forgeries of Isidore Mercator. It was written near the end of the eighth century. So it appears that those persons who forged that mass of documents in the eighth century, for the express purpose of exalting the Pope, had not themselves yet formed the idea of making the Pope "Vicar of Christ," but only vicar of St. Peter.

There is a similar passage in the epistle of Pope Siricius to Himerius, about A.D. 390, which epistle most writers hold to be genuine; but that passage does not contain the words "Cujus vice fungimur." Assuming that epistle of Siricius to be genuine, it would seem that the forgers in the eighth century stole the passage (according to their usual practice), and inserted the words which make the Pope vicar of St. Peter; this they would hardly have done, if the notion had then been started of making the Pope "Vicar of Christ"—a notion not found in any of those forgeries.⁴

About the time that those forgeries were concocted, the claim which the Popes made for themselves was to be vicars of St. Peter, not "Vicars of Christ." Thus, Pope Leo III., about the year 800, wrote to the Emperor Charlemagne, that he had been told of "your benign goodness,

^a Constant, Epist. Rom. Pont., p. 177.

^b Labbe and Coss. Con. Gen. vol. ii., 494.

^c Labbe and Coss. Con. Gen. vol. ii., 1017.

^d It will also appear from a third epistle of St. Peter, which we have in type and intend to publish, that the Apostle himself, in the eighth century, thought that the Pope was his own vicar, and did not know that the Pope was the vicar of Christ. Our readers may be surprised at this; but we intend to show them the epistle, if possible in our next number.

which you bear towards the blessed Apostle Peter, and his vicar."*

We do not remember to have found the title, "Vicar of Christ" in any epistle of a Pope, or any document of ancient date.

The earliest document in which we can at present find the title "Vicar of Christ" is a definition submitted by the Latin bishops to the Greek bishops in the twenty-second conference of the Council of Florence, A.D. 1439. "Item definimus, sanctam apostolicam sedem, et Romanum Pontificem successorem esse beati Petri verticis apostolorum, et verum Christi vicarium." "Also, we define that the holy Apostolic See and the Roman Pontiff is the successor of blessed Peter, the head of the apostles, and the true vicar of Christ."

The Latin bishops undertook to prove that all the particulars of this definition "were well founded on holy doctors approved by the Church" (quod omnia illa verba sunt bene fundata in sanctis doctoribus ab ecclesia approbatis); they prove other particulars by the epistles forged by Isidore Mercator in the eighth century, in the names of Pope Anacletus and Pope Julius; but they quote no doctor for the Pope being vicar of Christ, not even the forged epistles, because even those forgeries do not call the Pope vicar of Christ; and it seems the Latin bishops in the Council of Florence could not give any authority to prove the Pope to be the vicar of Christ.

We do not mean at present positively to affirm that the title "Vicar of Christ" was never applied to the Pope before the Council of Florence; we only say that we have not yet been able to find the title in any more ancient document. We ask our Roman Catholic correspondents to tell us if the title "Vicar of Christ" is of older date, and to tell us where it may be found. If they can show it to us, we are quite ready to be convinced. But if they cannot show it to us, we ask them to consider how any man in his senses can believe that Christ made the Pope his vicar, and yet that no Christian for twelve or fourteen hundred years should ever call the Pope "the Vicar of Christ?"

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have several letters in type which we have been obliged to postpone, from want of space. We hope our friends will excuse us for not noticing them more particularly.

To diminish the chance of disappointment, all letters should be forwarded to the office by the first day of the month.

All letters to be addressed to the Editor, 9, Upper Sackville street. Contributors of £1 per annum will be furnished with six copies, any of which will be forwarded, as directed, to nominees of the subscriber.

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In consequence of several persons having returned copies of the CATHOLIC LAYMAN, which had been already paid for by friends, under the apprehension that they might be called on hereafter in person to pay for them, we beg to call their attention to the following announcement—viz., that any one receiving any number of this journal which has not been ordered by himself, will not be charged for it, and may assume that it has been paid for by a subscriber.

The Catholic Layman.

DUBLIN, AUGUST 15, 1856.

THERE are many sanguine and zealous Protestants who, finding that Roman Catholic divines shrink from a public defence of the peculiar doctrines of their Church, draw the somewhat hasty conclusion, not only that their doctrines are indefensible by calm and sound argument, but that a Church which cannot be so defended must necessarily be a falling Church, which cannot much longer delude and govern any large number of mankind. We agree with such thinkers so far as the first part of their conclusion is concerned; for we ourselves feel strongly convinced that whatever plausible things have been and may be said in favour of the peculiar doctrines of Rome, they, and each of them, are really indefensible when brought to the test of a searching and full examination.

We have arrived at this conclusion, after a close and extensive examination of the whole controversy between the two Churches; and have been strongly confirmed in it, by finding that though so often and urgently invited and challenged to a calm discussion of the differences

between us, there is not a Bishop or Priest in Ireland or England who is willing to meet us in the field and discuss the all-important matters in which we differ in a candid and kindly manner.

Why, we ask, should they be so indifferent about the salvation of *our* souls, if they are really convinced that Truth is on their side and Error alone on ours?—to say nothing of the souls of their own people whom we may lead astray, if allowed to circulate unanswered?

The latter part of the conclusion, however, to which our over sanguine Protestant friends have arrived, viz., that a Church which cannot be so defended must necessarily be a falling Church, and one which cannot much longer delude or govern a large number of mankind, we think both hasty and ill-founded; and expectations based upon such opinions can, in our judgment, only end in disappointment. Such persons, we think, have formed their conclusion, in utter ignorance of the actual tendencies of human nature. The Church of Rome is strong and deeply founded, not, indeed (according to our conscientious belief), on the rock of sacred truth, but still upon a very substantial foundation—that of man's nature in its corrupt and fallen state; and so long as human nature remains unrenewed and unregenerated, so long will the power of Rome, in our estimation, be great and lasting.

The all-wise Creator and Redeemer of man, as recorded in the unerring pages of the Holy Scriptures, announced when on earth that "God is a Spirit, and they who worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." The same inspired Volume records that, when with Moses on the Mount, the finger of God traced in tables of stone the solemn injunction, that He was the Lord their God, and that they should have none other God but Him. And then (doubtless foreseeing the natural tendency of man's fallen nature to abandon the *spiritual* way and turn to the *material*) there is immediately added another injunction of equal solemnity, that they should not only abstain from worshipping or bowing down to any visible image or likeness of anything either in heaven or earth, but that they should not even *make to themselves* any graven image or likeness; lest, under pretence of assisting them in *spiritual* worship, they should (as, doubtless, he foresaw they inevitably would) degenerate into a *material* one. Can anything be more solemn, or more positive, or unconditional, than this express commandment—"Thou shalt not make to thyself a graven thing, nor the likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, nor of those things that are in the waters under the earth. Thou shalt not adore them nor serve them: I am the Lord thy God, mighty, *jealous*, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me, and showing mercy unto thousands to them that love me and keep my commandments" (Exodus xx., 4-6, Douay Bible)? And yet the Church of Rome practically, we say it with the sincerest sorrow, sets herself against this express command, and even ventures to expunge it, not, indeed, from the Bible, which she does *not* place in the people's hands, but from her catechisms, which she *does* deliver to them. What is this but practically pronouncing herself wiser than God himself, that "*jealous* God who will not give His glory to another?" Is it, indeed, anything short of sacrificing one of the most solemn laws of God to the natural craving of the corrupt heart of man for external and material objects of worship, and encouraging that very tendency which the All-wise One desired to have subdued and eradicated?

The Church of Rome, in effect, appears to us to pronounce man in general incapable of a spiritual

worship, and to facilitate him in the attempt to substitute a plan of human invention for God's injunctions. It virtually tells the world that worship may innocently consist in external acts, and should be assisted by external objects; that it is lawful to *make* and *bow down* to graven images and supposed likenesses of the Blessed Virgin, &c., provided it does not amount to *latria*, which few can ever understand or exactly define; that *repentance*, or change of *mind* and heart, is not so much what is wanting, as *penance* or external acts of self-mortification; that devotion to the Supreme Pontiff, whom they call the Vicar of Christ on earth, rather than devotion to Christ Himself, who is in Heaven, is the keystone of the Christian religion; that religion consists in pilgrimages, and processions, and crowning of statues, and music, and incense, and relics, and sacramental ceremonies, all of which address themselves to the senses, and may or may not terminate there, without either elevating the soul or amending the heart; and that the teaching of Jesus Himself (who instituted none of these things, beyond the simplest of all rites, the initiatory sacrament of Baptism, and the Eucharistic feast, or Sacrament of His last supper) was mistaken, or imperfect, in nearly every particular which renders religion attractive to mankind.

God's religion was designed to raise man from his degraded, fallen state to a pure life of spirituality and heavenly love. Rome's religion would treat man as incapable of being devoted to the spiritual worship of God, and encourages him in all his downward tendencies towards the material and external. In this consists, as it appears to us, Rome's strength. She swims with the current, not against it. She palliates vice instead of trying to eradicate it. She absolves the sinner, instead of extirpating the sin. She substitutes the offerings of fasts, and penances, and scourgings, and alms, for the sacrifice of a broken and contrite heart; and weak and sinful man, who prefers any substitute, however costly or painful, to a total forsaking of the pleasures of sin, is eager to enter into a composition with a system of religion which will allow him to give "the fruit of his body for the sin of his soul." Verily, Rome is strong and powerful, and has her roots deep and wide in both the *fears* and the *longings* of the heart of man; and so long as the mass of mankind remain ignorant, superstitious, and practically vicious, they will always prefer a *material* to a *spiritual* worship.

Let us not, however, despair. Strait, indeed, is the gate and narrow the way that leadeth to eternal life, and few there be that find it. The religion of Christ is, therefore, not likely to become speedily the religion of the mass of mankind. Yet will God accomplish the number of his elect—a multitude whom, taken together, no man can number, assembled from one end of heaven to the other, and all the kingdoms of the world shall yet be the kingdom of the Lord, and of his Christ. May he who writes, and they who read these words, all be of that blessed company; and to that end remember, that if Christ understood His own religion (and it would be blasphemous to say He did not), "God is a spirit, and they who worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." We do not say that the Church of Rome has not within her pale some, perhaps many, such worshippers; but we do say that the tendency of her system is not to make men such, and that spirituality exists within the Church of Rome in spite, rather than in consequence, of her peculiar system; and that those whose spirituality is not extinguished by her forms would be still more spiritual if relieved from them, and in communion with the uncorrupted fountains of primitive Christianity as enjoyed by those who make the records of the Holy Scriptures the rule and nourishment of their souls.

* De vestra benignissima bonitate, quam erga beatum Petrum apostolum, et ejus vicarium geritis . . . Labbe and Coss. Con. Gen. vol. vii. 1113.

/ Labbe and Coss. Con. Gen. vol. xiii., 1136.